

Cattle Camp Crooner

Slim Dusty

I was raised on a farm where our lives were calm
In a land of honey and creed
As a boy I played in the summer time shade
By the banks of the "Odalens" stream

Many years have gone since I left that home,
Just juice still runs in my veins,
I'm just an old Australian cattle camp crooner,
Why should I ever change,
Why should I ever change.

They say my dad was a bit of a lad,
They called him Noisy Dan
He worked in the bush far from the push
Of the hustle of a noisy town.

Oh he could rattle off tales in the stockyard rails,
Of the wild old life he's had,
I'm just an old Australian cattle camp crooner,
Following me dear ole dad..

Now I've got mates in every state,
I've been all over this land,
When it's cold I hit the road
And head for Darwin or Cairns.

Some foggies say for livin' this way,
I must be out of my mind,
I'm just an old Australian cattle camp crooner,
One of the wandering kind,
One of the wandering kind.

Don't mind a smoke or a drink with the blokes,
When day is over, I rather be
In the land of the free,
And I live my life in the sun.

Oh, I don't wear chaps or a curled up hat
My cologne's a' simple and plain,
I'm just an old Australian cattle camp crooner,
Why should I ever change,
Why should I ever change.
(I Play it)

Now I've reach the stage that nears old age,
I soak up everyone's praise
I brag to the young of the things I've done,
Way back in the happy days.

And when I leave this place for the chosen race,
And head for the heavenly range,
For they'll say, "Here come that cattle camp crooner,"
Why can't he ever change, (Oh no no)
Why should I ever change,
Why should I ever change
Why should I ever change,
Why should I ever change. [Fade out]